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BIOGRAPHY.

THE HOUSE OF HESSE-HOMBURG.

The late union between the Princess Elizabeth and the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg must naturally give an interest to all that relates to the history of that Prince and his illustrious family. We therefore feel great pleasure in being enabled to lay before our Readers the following Memoir of the House of Hesse-Homburg, and the hereditary Prince, which we can assure them is derived from the most authentic sources.

The history of Homburg, which was formerly called Hohenberg and Hohnburg, is enveloped in obscurity. It belonged in the 12th century to the dynasty of Eppenstein, as imperial Waldgraves of the Seulberg and Hohe-Mark. In the year 1486 it became a part of the county of Hanau-Munzenburg, and in 1521, under Philip the Magnanimous, it fell into the possession of the united house of Hesse. In 1602, on the division of the Hessian territories, the bailiwick of Homburg became the property of the Landgrave George I. of Darmstadt. Twenty years afterwards, Louis V. resigned it in favour of his brother Frederick I. the founder of the line of Hesse-Homburg. Being somewhat reduced, misunderstandings arose with the female line, which lasted upwards of 150 years. In 1768, through the imperial mediation, an advantageous stipulation was entered into, which was confirmed by the marriage of the present reigning Landgrave, Frederick V. to Carolina daughter of the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt. The white tower, which was repaired by Frederick-Jacob, is still standing. It is a part of the old castle. If not originally constructed by the Romans, it at least contains (built into the walls) several Roman monumental stones, which must have been dug up in the neighbourhood. The present castle was built in 1680 by the Landgrave Frederick II. the Hero of Fehrbellin, of whom there is an equestrian statue, and a metal bust over the castle gates. Frederick II. was the benefactor of his little territories, and received exiled Waldenses, and other

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industrious religious emigrants, who settled in Dornhohzhausen, New Homburg, and Friedrichsdorf.

To the present Prince, the good and the wise, the happy father of six heroic sons and five lovely and accomplished daughters, the favourite of the Muses and the friend of Nature, Homburg is indebted, among other salutary arrangements, for the tasteful improvements with which he has embellished his paternal residence, and which diffuse peculiar charms over that romantic district. But this humane and learned Prince implants many other memorials in the hearts and souls of his people. It may indeed with truth be said that nature destined him for a prince. His character is noble and resolute, his temper in every respect amiable and gracious. With a powerful understanding, greatly improved by study, his information is various and extensive, and he is particularly intimate with the history of his native land. He is a lover of nature, and his most favourite recreation is to walk or ride out in the evening unattended, to visit the plains of Homburg, or the neighbourhood of the Schlängenbad.*

The Consort of this estimable Prince is of nearly the same age as himself. She is the sister of the present reigning Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. Though theirs was purely a marriage of inclination, yet it was not unattended by political advantages, for it contributed in an eminent degree

* The waters of the Schlängenbad, which are peculiar in their kind, bear some resemblance to the Baths of Mochingen. They are particularly salutary in disorders of the nerves, cramps, &c. The springs were discovered about 200 years ago, through the cure of a diseased cow. Chemists have in vain endeavoured to analyze these waters; but the cures they have operated speak sufficiently in their favour. They flow at a temperature of between 21 and 22 degrees of Reaumur, or between 82 and 84 of Fahrenheit. The waters of the Schlängenbad possess the power of softening and strengthening the rigid fibres of the skin, and thus, as it were, restoring old age to a kind of second youth. They are likewise salutary to young persons, and particularly to females, to whose complexions they impart extraordinary fairness and delicacy. These waters moreover possess highly medicinal qualities when taken internally. They have been found beneficial in cases of pulmonary affection, though they are devoid of all mineral flavour. Linen when washed in the Schlängenbad water acquires the whiteness of drifted snow.

to strengthen the relations between Darmstadt and Homburg. The Landgravine is besides distinguished for every grace, both of mind and person: her merit did not escape the observation of Buonaparte, who, whilst at Mentz in 1794, treated her with the most marked attention and respect. He distinguished her above every other Princess, always conducting her himself to the dinner and card-tables. But the House of Hesse-Homburg, and in particular the Landgrave himself, would never stoop to avail themselves of this preference in order to obtain political advantages. On the establishment of the Rhenish Confederation, and the wars which ensued between France and Austria and Prussia, he was warmly urged to withdraw his sons from the service of the two last mentioned powers; but this he resolutely refused to do. It was then proposed that his youngest son, Leopold, should enter the service of Buonaparte; but the gallant youth unexpectedly quitted Homburg during the night, fled to Berlin, and obtained a commission in the Prussian army. This hopeful Prince, the ornament of his house, became a sacrifice to the heroic spirit which distinguishes every member of his family. Disregarding precautions, he was never accustomed to conceal the star of his order during an engagement, and he fell at Lutzen. The last words he uttered to those around him were, "Let not my remains fall into the hands of the French." An oak-tree now overshadows his grave.

The hereditary Prince, *Frederick Joseph*, who has lately had the happiness of obtaining the hand of the amiable Princess Elizabeth, was born at Homburg on the 30th of July 1769. He received an excellent education in his father's house; and, for the sake of attaining the French language, was sent to Geneva, where he became acquainted with His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent: the friendship there formed was, on both sides, of the warmest and most unalterable description. In the year 1789, he entered the Imperial Austrian service in the rank of Captain. His first acts of heroism were achieved under General Laudon, at Mahadia, at the siege of Belgrade, where

he stormed a battery, and at the taking of Calafat, in the war with the Turks, in the years 1789 and 1790.

From 1792 to 1794, he was with the Austrian army on the Rhine. He was then promoted to the rank of Colonel, and went to Poland in 1795. He was engaged in the affair of Stockach, in which the Archduke Charles was victorious. On the 15th of April 1796, whilst serving under General Latour, near Neuburg, he received a wound in the neck. In 1797, he was raised to the rank of Brigadier-General. He continued to serve on the Rhine until the year 1800. In July of that year, he and his brother Gustavus particularly distinguished themselves under General Kray at the battle of Neuburg: he was immediately after created a Lieutenant-Field-Marshal.

On the 19th and 20th of April 1809, he evinced the utmost bravery; and at Regensburg, on the 21st, he with his brother Gustavus covered the retreat. Gustavus attacked the French no less than five times. His conduct was equally meritorious at Esslingen, Aspern, and Wagram. His brother Philip, who distinguished himself in an equal degree on all the above occasions, received a wound at the battle of Wagram. At Znaym, the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg led the final attack, and the Austrians gained the victory. He had previously obtained commands in Hungary and Poland, from His Majesty the Emperor of Austria; and in the year 1812 he was appointed to a command in Caschan, in Hungary, from which he was recalled in 1813, when the army was forming in Bohemia. On General Meerveldt's being made prisoner, the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg obtained the command of the left wing of the army at Dresden and Leipzig. On the 18th of October he received a wound, as did his brother, a Lieutenant-General in the Prussian service, on the 19th. In the year 1814 he was created a General of the Austrian cavalry. He led the reserve through Switzerland towards France, and took Dijon. As commander of the army of the South, he gained the battle of Lyons on the 20th of March, and on the 21st entered that city. On the 20th of April, he took by storm Romans, in Dauphiné, the gates of which he ordered to be broken down. This last affair concluded the campaign.

The hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg is at present Vice-General-Commandant of the Kingdom of Hungary.

As a reward for his numerous heroic actions, the following orders have been conferred on him:—The Commander's Cross of the Order of Maria-Theresa, and the Grand Cross of St. Stephen, by His Majesty the Emperor of Austria; the Orders of the Black and Red Eagles, by His Majesty the King of Prussia; the Order of St. Alexander Newsky, by His Majesty the Emperor of Russia; moreover, the Grand Crosses of the Order of the Lion, by the Elector of Hesse, and of the Order of Louis, by the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. Finally, having obtained the promise of being honoured with the hand of a daughter of the King of Great Britain, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent invested him with the Grand Cross of the Hanoverian Order of the Guelphs.

Such is a brief sketch of his history to whom one of our most esteemed Princesses has united her destiny; and we are sure there is not a Briton who has witnessed or heard by report of the almost unexampled filial affection and duty displayed by Her Royal Highness, both to our beloved Sovereign in his infirmity, and to her venerable Mother, who will not join us cordially in the prayer that she may be as happy as a wife as she has been exemplary as a daughter.

We should perhaps mention, that His Serene Highness sat for his portrait in miniature to Mr. Wright, and subsequently to Mr. Watts, from the latter of which a plate is, we understand, engraving. It is a most faithful likeness, and does honour to the skill of the artist.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lines on the Death of H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte. By the Rev. G. Croly, A.M. 8vo. pp. 47.

In the title page to this production, the author of the noble poem of "*Paris in 1815*," drops his incognito, and while we are thus enabled to bestow the laurel for that verse upon the rightful brow, it must be accompanied by the fresher wreath which this new and admirable work demands. Mr. Croly is truly a poet. There is a loftiness of sentiment about him, a feeling for the grand, and a power of conveying his impressions in a suitable style, which belong only to the inspired. And he has other qualities which in these doubtful days of phantasy and mysticism, when good and evil principles are

so mingled and perverted as not to be very readily distinguished, deserve no mean share of praise—his strains are eminently just, moral, and virtuous. He panders to no base appetites, nor decks no vice with trappings to hide its deformity. His song is as pure as it is lofty.

Of the present composition we shall say little more than that it is worthy of the author of *Paris*—saying which, we mean to express our opinion that it is worthy of one of the foremost poets of the age; of a bard who, if we mistake not, will yet perform much to adorn his own name, and do honour to his country.

We proceed, according to our usage, to sustain our judgment by a few examples.

The poem commences with some fine reflections on the House of Mourning, and a pathetic description of the woful scene which converted Claremont from joy and hope to misery and despair. The picture of the felicity of its inmates is most affecting: we select that part of it which unites to particular allusion the illustration of a general proposition.

There is a love! 'tis not the wandering fire
That must be fed on folly, or expire;
Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor ray
That fades as rises Reason's nobler day;
But passion made essential, holy, bright,
Like the rais'd dead, our dust transform'd to light;
But, the rich foretaste of a loftier clime,
Friendship of souls, in Heav'n scarce more
sublime.

Earth has its pangs for all; its happiest breast
Not his who meets them least, but bears them
best.

Life must be toil! yet oh, that toil how drear,
But for this soother of its brief career.
The charm that virtue, beauty, fondness, bind,
Till the mind mingles with its kindred mind!
'Tis not the cold romancer's ecstasy,
The flame new lit at every passing eye,
But the high impulse that the stately soul
Feels slow engross it, but engross it whole;
Yet seeks it not, ray, turns with stern disdain
On its own weakness that can wear a chain;
Still wrestling with the angel, till its pride
Feels all the strength departed from its side.
Then join'd, and join'd for ever,—loving, lov'd,
Life's darkest hours are met, and met unmov'd;
Hand link'd in hand, the wedded pair pass on
Thro' the world's changes, still unchanging, one;
On earth one heart, one hope, one joy, one gloom,
One closing hour, one—undivided tomb!

The affliction of Prince Leopold is dwelt upon with a depth of tone that touches, we had almost said wounds or pains, the heart. He is told in one sublime line—

Who can bring healing to thy heart's despair?
Thy whole rich sun of happiness lies there.

And the dreadful comfort is added—

Law of the mightier sorrows, memory
Must die, to let the heart endure to be!

The same agonizing strain of consola-

tion is continued—the whole luxury of grief is poured forth, and we quote what we imagine few will read without a renewal of those tears which this sad event caused to flow :

Let the past be a blank to thee,—the day
That flow'd in life's sweet charities away;
The evening that with various pleasure came,
But its mild happiness, its soul, the same;
When on the harp the hand below'd was flung,
Or the rapt ear on noble converse hung;
And she, young, sweet, devoted, all thine own,
Was the proud daughter of earth's proudest throne,
Who, looking from her height of majesty
On all earth's bright and brave, had chosen thee.
And now,—thou sit'st beside her death-bed! now
She sinks before thine eye; and what art thou!

Oh agony! To see, in shade on shade,
Smile, glance, all, all the heart's fine features fade;
Feel, like an arrow's point, the heavier sigh,
And turn away,—in dread to see her die!
Then—glance again, yet scarcely dare to raise
The eye, and see—how life in her's decays;
Then—shudder at the hand's expiring chill;
Yet press, and feel it—colder—colder still!
Away, thou man of misery! She's gone!
Child—wife—are rent from thee,—thou'rt left
alone!

Morn came in clouds; the tempest's heavy swell
Stoop'd ominous; it bore no birthday peal.
Egypt! when heaven thy madden'd heart assail'd,
And o'er its might, its mercy, man prevail'd,
Where lay the final plague, the conquering woe?
'Twas in the sword that laid thy first-born low!
Guilt is on England, and the blow is given
On England's heart,—in mercy be it, Heaven!

There is a description of the natural appearance of this fatal night, which contrasts with the preceding distress and subsequent gloom of the funeral. It is a delicious piece of repose, and beautifully poetical:

Midnight was on the earth; the zenith moon
Shone out in cloudless pomp, broad, lovely, lone;
The sounds of man were silent; on the hill,
Along the vale, all but the breeze was still,
And it was but the breath that serv'd to shake
Sighs and sweet murmurings from the hawthorn
briar;
The vault above was sapphire, heavenly blue,
The brightness that the eye seems looking through
When the eye is half mind, and wild, and far,
As if it found a guide in each lone star,
It wanders through th' abyss, rapt, dreaming on,
To the bright gates where all it lov'd are gone,
And calm and lovely was its light of blue
On the deep vale, now one rich sheet of dew,
Where rose a mount, an isle in that bright sea,
Crested with battlement, and bower'd with tree;
A lion flag upon the central tower
Wav'd its red emblems to the radiant shower,
Streamed from the moon upon the lonely isle;
That flag wav'd over Windsor's monarch pile.

In the midst of a powerful view of the rites of royal sepulture, we have the following awful apostrophe to the grave:

O Grave, thou'rt terrible! 'tis not the sting
Of the mere sense that makes thy suffering;
'Tis not the pang, the thirst, the midnight groan,
Thou' all their host do homage to thy throne;
Thy terrors live in thy dark mystery,
All crowded in the one dear thought—we die!

We see the dying struggle,—all thus far
Is plain; up springs at once the mighty bar,
Gloomy as night; no twilight upper ray
Helps out the image of its farther day.

And this the end? The worm, the hideous sleep
That makes the very flesh by instinct creep!
Who that beside the opening tomb has stray'd,
And borne to see the gambols of the spade,
While the slave scoffing in the trench below
Flings up some fearful thing at every throw;
Felt not within, however fortified
By holy truth, however fool'd by pride,
A shock, a shrinking of the natural heart,
Lest there at last might lie his better part?
Ev'n with those whiten'd bones, that half-chang'd
clay,

That grinning skull, that coffin's loose decay!
Felt not the question with his spirit strive
"Were not these—men? and can these dry
bones live?"

Must all his dreams of high futurity
Be finish'd here, and that vile thing—be he?
Can soul be but a phantasy, a breath?
Can dust, air, stillness, nothingness, be death!

The same sublime train of thought is further pursued:

We know the moment comes, that comes the last—

When all is merg'd in one wild word,—the past!
And all thenceforth is new: a mighty scene
Of strange, bright, wonderful, that *hath not been*.
We've climb'd the hill of life; the early plain,
Track'd as it was by many a step of pain,
Seen from that lofty brow, is seen—a span!
Beside, behind us, rush the host of man;
Before us, all is precipice; the eye
Strains but thro' depth on depth,—infinity!
On rush the host, like waves, like armies mown
In the red field,—in rank on rank hur'd down;
Each, as it meets the edge, in sudden fear
Sway'd backward, but a mightier hand is there;
In vain the wild recoil, sad gesture, groan;
Myriads await their plunge, and they *must* on.

Princess of England! on thy head was laid
The moral, that all under Heav'n is shade:
Who murmurs at his lot, yet sees thee there?
Who hears thy tale, yet feels no righteous fear?
We're made in fearfulness; some fine, frail thing,
Some viewless fibre, may have check'd life's
spring,

And now—an empire's tears could not recall
The stately beauty sleeping in that pall;
Not worlds give back the smile, that as she lay
Wrung that pale weeper's heart—but yesterday.

Deep mystery! we wake with Heav'n's sole
breath;
Ten thousand, thousand ways lead down to Death!
Why form'd with such rich waste, so high, so frail,
So near to angel, dust upon the gale?
Thou dreamer! Earth was never meant to hold
The wing, that every breath can thus unfold.
The sphere is gloomy round us—day and night
Stand wide its countless portals to the light;
Earth has no barrier to the immortal plume;
"Hereafter," is the motto of the tomb!

Our limits, not our inclination, restrain us to but one extract more: it is the fine conclusion of this fine poem.

She should have died hereafter! no, not now,
Not thus have dash'd our proudest cup with woe!
The holy cause had triumph'd,—England's car
Came, rich with trophies of her mightiest war,
Monarchs were in her train; above her van
Blaz'd the deliver'd cross, the ark of man;
And she stood forth, first, fairest stood, to hail
That day;—at once the victor's cheek was pale,

The triumph was eclipsed; was she the price?
The daughter vow'd? the bright, sad sacrifice?—
Ev'n in the hour when England's parent eye
Turn'd from its glory on her,—must she die!

Having adduced such potent proofs in support of our opinion upon the merits of this production, we leave it to the public taste. Could we feel disposed to very minute criticism, we might state that several of the rhymes are scarcely legitimate; but there is a soul in the whole composition which seems to brook no rules, and we are swept away in the flood of mind, regardless as itself of the few little inequalities which are here and there observable.

GREENLAND: being *Extracts from a Journal kept in that Country in the years 1770 to 1778.* By Hans Egede Saabye, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 208.

It is probably owing to our having, in our Number 58, 28th February, made some extracts from this work, (translated from the Danish into German by G. Fries, and thence rendered into English for the *Literary Gazette*,) that the present publication has been brought out. Referring to that Paper, we resume a subject, at present of considerable interest, and proceed to offer a few further notices of a volume which will issue from the press about the same time with this sheet.

The dresses of the Greenlanders are made of the skins of rein-deer, seals, and birds. The coat or cloak, generally of seal skin, is not open in front, but sewed on all sides down to the knee, and provided with a hood, which they draw over their heads in cold or wet weather. The breeches are made of seal skin, or of a thin-haired rein-deer skin, and are short at the top and bottom; the stockings are of the smooth skin of a young seal; the shoes, of smooth black tanned seal-skin leather, are tied at the top with a strap drawn through the soles, have no heels, and the soles project nearly two fingers breadth before and behind. The boots, which have the seam before, are made in the same manner: dry grass is put in the shoes and boots, to keep the feet dry and warm. The skins of birds serve the Greenlanders for shirts; they wear the feathers inwards; they also wear the rein-deer's skin with the hair inside.

Besides seals, their principal food, and to them what rein-deer are to the Laplander, these people eat fish and sea-fowl, some sorts of berries, roots, and herbs, and also a sweet sea-weed.

A kind of smelt, dried in the open air, serves the Greenlanders for bread and vegetables; they catch this fish in May and June, when they are so plentiful that they

catch whole boats full in a few hours, and preserve them in leather bags for winter provision. In the summer, they preserve the heads and legs of the seals under the grass, and whole seals under the snow in winter; the flesh thus frozen and half corrupted they call Mikkiak, and eat it with great appetite. - - - They eat the entrails of smaller animals without cleaning them, any farther than by squeezing them with their fingers. What is found in the stomach of the rein-deer, as well as in the entrails of the snow-fowl, mixed with fresh train-oil and berries, they think a great delicacy. Bear's flesh, and the tail and skin of whales, are also among their favourite dishes.

The Kajak, or boat for a single man, is similar to that in which our recent visitor the Esquimaux performed his exploits:—the great boat, Umiak, for the transport of women, goods, &c. is from 14 to 18 ells in length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ deep in the middle, flat at bottom, and pointed at both ends. The seal, when wounded, sometimes bites through the Kajak and destroys his pursuer. They are frequently more safely speared through a hole in the ice, to which they are attracted by whistling, being extremely curious.

Among the fishing tackle peculiar to the Greenlanders, their lines of whalebone are especially remarkable; they consist of whalebone split very fine, which are tied together, and often 200 fathoms in length, and even longer: these lines are used in fishing on the ice, to catch a kind of hollibut, which are found only in the Greenland seas. The Greenlanders spear salmon and salmon-trout with a shaft, to which two bone or iron shafts are fastened.

The hunting of the bear is attended with danger; because the bear, if the ball misses him, or if he does not fall at the first shot, rushes on the hunter, who generally perishes if the bear reaches him. It is remarkable, however, that this ferocious animal is afraid of the whip.

An instance is related of a Greenland's life being saved by this means.

Great crimes are of rare occurrence, and generally the result of some superstition. Witches, called Illisetok, are killed as they were in this country three centuries ago. Revenge, as in all barbarous nations, is the next great source of murder.

With respect to the religious notions of the Greenlanders (before their conversion, which is now general, to Christianity,) they believed in two great spirits, and many inferior ones, the last of which ruled the elements, &c.; and that the human soul after death, joined to an ethereal body, will be happy in a state resembling this life. The great spirits were Tornarsuk, and a female spirit for whom they had got no name.—

They paid no adoration or worship to any spirit whatever; nor had they any priests, though the Angekoks (conjurers) have perhaps been considered as such.

These Angekoks were commonly intelligent men, but too often wicked enthusiasts. Collin mentions one, by whose advice his brother buried alive his own child of two years of age, in order to cure himself of a disease. The wife of a merchant's clerk heard the child cry, saved it, and took it to herself. About a fortnight after, the relations were informed of it; prevailed on the woman to restore it, on an assurance that no harm should be done, but the wretched innocent fell a victim to this horrid superstition.

The language of the Greenlanders, with the exception of a few words resembling the Icelandic, has no resemblance to any of the European tongues; it is said to be almost the same with the Esquimaux. Among their new terms, the appellation of "*Mad Water*," given to brandy, is an epithet of sound discretion.

The geographical knowledge of Greenland extends but little beyond the settlements of the Europeans on the Western Coast, and that coast itself. The Danish settlements are eighteen larger, and some smaller establishments; the former are called colonies, and the latter factories. All the settlements extend from Nennortalik to the north of Upernavik, from about the 59th to the 74th degree of north latitude.

The most southern, about Staatenhok, is the only place where horned cattle can be kept. One of the most singular Bays on the coast is Iisblink (the Witteblink of the maps,) over the mouth of which extends a dreadful bridge of ice, upon which there is a passage across, and from which, at the distance of many miles, a light is seen in the air, like that of the Aurora Borealis. These arches of ice being from 20 to 60 ells in height, it would be easy to sail under them, if there were not reason to fear the falling pieces—for, where the ice is rotten, even a sharp sound, or the stroke of an oar, is sufficient to loosen and detach immense masses, which, descending, spread ruin all around.

The population of Greenland is very small in proportion to the extent of the country. According to an account taken in 1798, the number of the natives was found not to exceed about 5100 persons. In the year 1805, the population, so far as it could be ascertained, was full 6000 persons.

On the subject of the lost or East

Greenland, *Osterbygd*, this book has several important speculations.

That this coast is inhabited (says M. Saabye) by a race of men, the same as the Greenlanders on the West coast, is beyond all doubt (for the inhabitants come now and then to Nennortalik, and even to Julianeshaab, to trade;) and it is to be presumed, that it is inhabited beyond the polar ice, as it is affirmed that one of these inhabitants said that in his country in the summer time the sun did not set for many days together.

The author does not, however, decide that this coast was ever inhabited by Europeans, he only says, "it is asserted that in two places there are remains of ancient habitations." (p. 83.)

As the ice in the strait between Iceland and East Greenland presents an insurmountable barrier against approaching the latter coast, the writer recommends the attempt to be made from the South point, either by extending the colony up to and round by Staatenhok, or by seeking a clear passage for small vessels from Iceland between the ice and the shore.

By one or other of the methods here pointed out (says he) I consider the re-discovery of the East coast to be possible, without any great expense to the state. I am almost convinced that it will one day be found—Happy the man for whom the decrees of Providence have reserved this discovery—Religion would accompany us thither, and spread her beneficent light with purer splendour than it formerly shone there. May this happen.

Amen! and may a British vessel be the instrument chosen.

For a description of the fatally magnificent Icebergs, and of the remarkable and terrific accidents occasioned by their fall—of the trade—of characteristic traits of the people, and many other interesting particulars—we must refer to the work itself, which our readers will find to be curious and deserving of attention.

PANANTI'S ALGIERS.

(Continued from our last.)

We resume our narrative of the miserable party led off from the presence of Rais Hamida, as slaves:—

Before we had recovered from our stupor, we were led off under the *Grande Sciriano* and *Guardian Basha*, who conducted us over a considerable part of the city, accompanied by a great number of spectators. It being Friday, the Moorish sabbath, hundreds of the infidels, in coming from the mosques, were soon attracted in every direction, to enjoy this new spectacle of degraded Christianity.

Arrived at Pascialick, or the palace of the Pasha, inhabited at present by the Dey, the first objects that struck our eyes were six bleeding heads ranged along before the entrance!!! And as if this dreadful sight was not sufficient of itself to harrow up the soul, it was still further aggravated by the necessity of our stepping over them, in order to pass into court. They were the heads of some turbulent Agas, who had dared to murmur against the Dey's authority. Our fears naturally represented them as having been severed from the bodies of Christians, and purposely placed there to terrify the new inmates of this fatal region. A dead silence reigned within the walls of the building, in which suspicion seemed to have made her abode, while fear was depicted in every face.

Being ordered to range ourselves before the Dey's window, to feast the despot's eyes, he soon approached, looked at us with a mingled smile of exultation and contempt, then making a sign with his hand, we were ordered to depart; and after a third circuit of the town, arrived before a large dark looking building, on entering which we stumbled, as if by an involuntary impulse. It was the great *Bagno*, or house of reception for Christian slaves. Hence, one of its pompous titles *Baños os Esclavos*, which, without gilding the pill quite so much, may be plainly rendered by the simple word prison. Every fibre trembled, and our limbs tottered under us as we traversed the horrid receptacle.

The first words which escaped the keeper after our entrance were, *Whoever is brought into this house, becomes a slave*. He might have added,

*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, che'ntrate.**

In passing through the dark and filthy court yard, we were surrounded by a multitude of slaves, bearing about them all the signs of abandoned sufferers. They were ragged, lank, and haggard, with a head drooping, eyes sunk and distorted, cheeks imprinted by the furrows of protracted wretchedness, which seemed to have withered the soul, and, by destroying the finer impulses of their nature, left no trace of pity for the sufferings of others: so that we passed without the slightest manifestation of that sympathy so naturally expected in such a situation.

Exhausted by long confinement, and wrapt up in a sense of their own melancholy fate, our appearance was viewed with a stupid indifference, unaccompanied by any fellow feeling. During the few intervals unoccupied in the public works, they remained shut up, wandering about like pallid spectres in this house of darkness and of sorrow.

The hopes and fears of the captives are forcibly painted; but as the conduct of their oppressors is more matter of

fact, we continue such extracts as exhibit their ruthless barbarity:—

Tyranny never sleeps, and even envies that of the wretched, whom it has bereft of every other blessing. The first rays of light had not yet dawned, nor had either men or animals time to recover the preceding day's labour, when the turnkey, with a hoarse and stentorian accent, exclaimed, "Vamos a trabajo, cornutos!" "To work!" Such was the flattering expression used to call the slaves, and in which we too had the unexpected honour of being included. I should also add, that it was followed by the application of a cudgel to the shoulders of those who manifested the smallest disinclination to obey the summons in double quick time. Previous to our quitting the prison, the black Aga made his appearance, bringing with him several iron rings, to be riveted on our left ancles, there to remain in perpetuity, as a sign of bondage. These rings were slight, but they were those of slavery; and their horrible weight can only be known to those who have worn them. Having successively applied them to the legs of my companions, the Aga put one into my hand, saying, that that his excellency the Pacha, as a mark of particular favour, allowed me the distinguished honour of putting on my own ring! This is not unlike the fatal privilege granted to the viziers of the Porte, of strangling themselves with the cord sent for that purpose by their master. With similar feelings did I put on the dreadful emblems of servitude, which ignominious operation was followed by a cold sweat that covered my forehead: my heart panted with anguish, my eyes no longer saw the surrounding objects. I attempted to speak, but could not articulate; looking downwards, my eyes caught the degrading badge, and, with a deathlike silence, I yielded to my fate. The number of new victims of different nations mustered on this occasion, and all captured during the last cruise of the barbarians, amounted to two hundred. Being ordered to proceed to the scene of our labours, a mournful silence marked our progress, which was attended by guards both in front and rear, armed with whips, frequently repeating, *A trabajo, cornutos! can d'infidel a trabajo!* "To work! dog of a Christian, to work!" Thus escorted, we arrived at the public ovens, when two rusks of black bread were thrown to each of us, as if to mere dogs. I observed, that the old captives, who had arrived on the ground before our party, greedily snatched them up, and soon dispatched both with a frightful avidity.

Arrived at the great hall of the Marine, we found seated there, in all the pride of tyrannic power, the various members of the executive government, including the agas of militia, the grand admiral, first Rais of the squadron, the cadi, the mufti, ulemas, and judges according to the Koran. We were then ranged along in regular succession, selected, numbered, and looked at with particular attention, as practised at

the slave markets formerly held at Jamaica.

With our eyes fixed on the assembly, and beating hearts, a profound silence reigned through the hall, when it was broken by the minister of marine, first secretary of state, calling out my name: I was then ordered to advance. On obeying, various interrogatories were put to me, relative to my occupations in England, and other relations with that country. Having answered them in the best way I could, the minister pronounced the talismanic words, *Ti star franco!* "You are free." We are told the most agreeable tones heard by human ears, are those of well earned praise; the most grateful sounds those expressed by a beloved object. No! The sweetest voice which can possibly vibrate through the heart of man, is that which restores him to liberty.

Poor Pananti was, however, plundered of all his property, and pathetically laments the loss of his literary treasures.

The condition of the slave has been often described—it is horrible:—We give another sketch of it, as it is fit to awaken Europe to the infamy of suffering such things to exist any longer.

No sooner is any one declared a slave than he is instantly stripped of his clothes, and covered with a species of sack-cloth; he is also generally left without shoes or stockings, and often obliged to work bare-headed in the scorching rays of an African sun. Many suffer their beard to grow as a sign of mourning and desolation, while their general state of filth is not to be conceived. Some of these wretched beings are destined to make ropes and sails for the squadron: these are constantly superintended by keepers who carry whips, and frequently extort money from their victims as the price of somewhat less rigour in the execution of their duty. Others belong to the Dey's household; and many are employed by the rich Moors, who may have bought them at market, in the lowest drudgery of domestic employment. Some, like the beasts of burthen, are employed in carrying stones and wood for any public buildings that may be going on: these are usually in chains, and justly considered as the worst among their oppressed brethren. What a perpetuity of terrors, series of anguish, and monotonous days, must not theirs be! without a bed to lie on, raiment to cover them, or food to support nature! Two black cakes like those already alluded to, and thrown down as if intended for dogs, is their principal daily sustenance; and had it not been for the charity of a rich Moor, who left a legacy for that purpose, Friday, the only day they are exempted from work, would have seen them without any allowance whatever. Shut up at night in the prison like so many malefactors, they are obliged to sleep in the open corridor, exposed to all the inclemency of the seasons. In the country they are frequently forced to lie in the open air,

* - - - - - Ye heirs of hell,
Here bid at once your ling'ring hopes farewell.
BOYD.

or, like the Troglodite of old, shelter themselves in caverns. Awoke at day-light, they are sent to work with the most abusive threats, and, thus employed, become shortly exhausted under the weight and severity of their keepers' whips.

Much more of dreadful suffering is described, and instances of individual misery cited, in aggravation of this black picture; but we need not dwell on a topic which excites only one feeling throughout the civilized world—an abhorrence of the perpetrators of these atrocities, and a consequent thirst to punish them and put an end to their iniquities.

We leave the painful contemplation for matters of local interest. The climate of these barbarians is delightful—soft and salubrious. The author does not consider the plague as indigenous. The coast extending from the Atlantic to Alexandria in Egypt, more than 2000 miles, comprehends the ancient Mauritania, Numidia, and Libya—the country of the Massili, Getuli, and Garamantes, all celebrated among the Roman conquests. Algiers was the Mauritania, Tingitana, or Cæsariensis of the Romans, from whose grasp it fell under the dominion of the Saracens. The Saracenic king of Algiers, Eutemi, called two famous pirates, named Horuc and Hayradin, to his aid against the Spaniards in the beginning of the 16th century, and was soon assassinated by the former, who assumed the sovereignty. Hence sprang the piratical government, which has since existed under the Barbarossas and other lawless ruffians, protected by the Porte, whose supremacy is acknowledged as far as Morocco, which alone assumes the rank of an independent state.

The regency of Algiers includes above 600 miles of sea coast, between the river Melooia, which separates it from Morocco and the Zaine, its eastern boundary: while its extreme breadth, from the capital to the country of Dates, does not exceed 180. It is bounded on the west by the Kingdom of Fez, the chain of the Atlas, and Biludelgerid on the south, Tunis on the east, and the Mediterranean sea on the north. The Dey's absolute dominion extends four days journey from the capital. Beyond that, until you reach Biludelgerid, is inhabited by wandering tribes, who merely pay tribute when the army takes its annual tour through the country. The Regency is divided into four provinces, Mascara, Algiers, Titterie, and Constantina. Labez is a mountainous country which pays tribute; and Biscara is another poor tributary country in the Kingdom of Zeb. Between Algiers and Bugia, to the South, are the mountains of Couco, inhabited by the

Azagin, a ferocious people, whom the Deys have never reduced into complete subjection. Towards Fez, is the little desert of Angad, much frequented by beasts of prey and ostriches. Previous to reaching the lesser Atlas, there is a large tract of country, called *Tell*; from thence commences the country of Dates.

Of the chief cities, Algiers contains about 120,000, and Constantina 100,000 inhabitants. Beautiful Punic and Carthaginian medals are continually found in the provinces; also, cameos, bronzes, and imperial coins.

(To be continued.)

ATTRIBUTES OF SATAN. *Spo. pp. 66.*

Satan was declared, from a critical tribunal, to be Milton's hero; and we have often heard it unceremoniously asserted, that the devil was not so black as he was painted: Many unenlightened nations pay adoration to the evil principle, and Burns, the Scottish bard, addressed "Auld Clooty" in some verses familiarly kind: but until this publication appeared, we are not aware that any one has stood manfully forward as the advocate of this great and much calumniated character. Indeed the author seems to be on very intimate terms with the personage whose defence he undertakes, for he not only lets us in to all the secrets of his power and malignity, but of his subtlety, misery, ubiquity; in short, his entire memoirs, public and private.

Without entering upon the orthodoxy of the arguments in this work (for, to confess the truth, we do not know whether it is written in jest or in earnest—with a good or bad design,) we will say that the Devil never had a warmer nor more zealous advocate. It is clearly argued, that the father of liars has been much belied by his children—this was naturally to be expected; but we do not think it is so successfully shewn that Monsieigneur Satan is one of the most active, intelligent, amiable, useful, and necessary of created Beings. We will, however, let the author speak for himself; and if our readers chuse to do—his production, it is more than, under the doubts he has excited in our minds, we dare at present presume to do. For, first of the old gentleman's 'power' we are told, (p. 4.)

I would have no abuse bestowed on the arch enemy of mankind;—convinced that sacred truths ought to appear in none but decorous apparel; that hope, not fear, is the legitimate motive to goodness; and that the enemy's profound artifices and

insatiable malice, are indispensably requisite to the continuance of the system which God has ordained for the government of the world.

It is somewhat otherwise with the MISERY to which he is said to be eternally condemned. That being *his affair solely*, we are just charitable enough to let him submit to his doom—without endeavouring to overwhelm him with recrimination and reproach.

These are strong reasons for not treating Satan disrespectfully, nor forgetting those feelings due to his rank and misfortune. But people there are so confoundedly hard-hearted, that they neither pity Buonaparte nor the Devil: we are not of those, but, to use the words of Burns *pluralized*, are—
—wae to think upon their dens
Even for their sakes!

so that the names of neither of their residences beginning with HEL* (a curious coincidence) are never pronounced by us without much commiseration. But, lest it should be thought that we are too prolix in currying favour, we leave digression, and return to the author, who, strenuously denying his friend's omniverousness (p. 7.) thus speaks of his duties and of their punctual discharge:—

Satan's duties on earth, too, which he is said to discharge with an assiduity well worthy of our imitation, are all assigned him by the same unerring wisdom.

Again, page 11:

To the tempter it is, under God, that we owe the blessings of our Christian dispensation. [And, again, page 13:] I am by no means prepared to say whether Satan's power really has been enlarged by the peopling and christianizing of the planets and their satellites: [This is a sly hit at Dr. Chalmers' *Astronomical Sermons*.] But, if it has not been so enlarged, I wish it may, as an increased occupation elsewhere must necessarily lessen his importance here!

This humane wish is rather at variance, however, with another opinion of the worthy author's, a little further on, where he seems to think that the affairs of mankind would go but badly on were his favourite engaged too much in other quarters:

Satan (says he, p. 24) is a very necessary agent in sublunary concerns. Destroy him without providing a succedaneum, and the business of the world stands still; many hands have nothing to do, many a tongue little or nothing to say.†

* i.e. Hell and Helena.

† Subsequently, this notion is enlarged upon. At page 58, the author says, "In adverting to the question of the amount of Satan's POWER, I have expressed my satisfaction with the idea of a plurality of worlds having been allotted to him as theatres on which to expatiate. Of the

Now, as this want of employment would greatly increase pauperism, we must hope it may be averted; and that the Devil, as has been attributed to him, not by our author, but some old proverbialist, may rather pursue the acceptable course of setting a man to work when he finds him idle.—We now come to the subtlety of Satan, which the writer prizes highly, and exalts him far above Proteus: ex. gr.

For nothing has Satan been more remarkable than for his custom, sometimes ominous, sometimes *only amusing*, of assuming new and strange forms. There can hardly be any doubt of his earlier fame for subtlety having arisen chiefly out of his love of metamorphosis, and his astonishing adroitness in that ancient art. ----- When he first appeared in the interesting circle of Job's family and friends, he is said to have been much admired for his princely appearance, his polished conversation, and the peculiar suavity of his manners. [This passage causes us to suspect strongly that the whole of this publication is a covert satire upon the admirers of Napoleon, who have written in his behalf.] At Jerusalem again, which was so long his favourite Arena, he was one day seen as an old clothes-man with his wares over his arm;* the next, as an high priest challenging and receiving due reverence.

We shall not follow the writer through some investigations connected with the creation and the fall, whether Eve had the experience of three days or three years previous to her temptation, &c.; and, to say the truth, we do not like this branch of the disquisition: were not the name of a respectable and moral bookseller on the title page, we should really consider it to be a profane and wicked burlesque on the Mosiacal history; and as it is, must hold it to be very grave folly, and mischievous trifling with sacred subjects. Towards the close of the book, the writer contends for the agreeable condition of his hero:

Is he (says he) ever negatively happy? I say he is—and something more. He probably has feelings not unlike those which men enjoy when their consciences approve of their conduct. Of *his conscience*, however, I say little—the bare mention of such a thing being as much as one can pretend to

satisfaction many British subjects will doubtless partake, and perhaps not more for the reason I have assigned, than from considering that Satan is at once an *ancient* and a *limited monarch*—the commencement of his power having been anterior to all records, and his prerogatives being circumscribed with an exactness not discoverable in any act of limitation to be found even in England."

* It would be curious to inquire if he has ever been exorcised out of this fraternity, as out of the possessed into the swine?

justify. ----- Satan is happy, we may assume, when he does what the *immoral* faculty implanted in him approves. ----- He is proverbially active; and is ever on the watch for an opportunity to exert his talents in the performance of his duty (evil.) But strenuous exertions in pursuit of interesting objects, at the attainment of which it is our duty to aim, are among the most effectual means of insuring happiness: and in this consideration we have a second proof of Satan's not being the woful object of compassion which his uncharitable defamers would persuade us he is. Nay, a third proof is at hand. It arises out of the circumstance of his having repeatedly been what we call *gloriously triumphant*. Look back to the commencement of his awful history; and after summing up (herculean task!) all that has been recorded of him by historians; and by the fathers—and the mothers too; and by the professors of divinity, and of morality, casuistry, civil law, and politics, in the European Universities; all this done, name if thou canst a hero, ancient or modern, whose triumphs have been either so numerous, so interesting, or such indisputable proofs of profound tactical skill, and courage never to submit or yield, as those which he has achieved.

On these grounds the happiness of exultation is assigned to the victor.

Were we seriously to say what we think of this production, it would be what is scarcely tolerable to pronounce, and impossible to endure. If meant for ridicule it is infamous, and we should without ceremony apply to it those epithets which a distinguished statesman has applied to another anonymous scribble. For we humbly conceive that occasion justifies strong language; and that when you *really* address a scoundrel, liar, coward, and assassin, there are no words but these four which can express what is meant, and therefore that these words are not only not vulgar, but the only words that can be used to convey your meaning. However, it is very well for rascals, who do not like to be called by their names, to protest against the impoliteness of employing strong phrases.

Having now progressively, and digressively, gone through this work, which, to speak plainly, we think a devilish queer performance on the "Attributes of Satan," and, like murder in the law indictments, "instigated by the devil:" we sincerely hope that our readers will not imagine that we have sacrificed our critical independence by reviewing it without reprehension of its faults. For in the first place, we assure them that we have not been able to do more than suspect the hidden infidelity

of the author; and, secondly, if he be really in earnest, we do trust that, considering the inevitable risk of offending those we criticise, this will be thought a case in which mildness was prudent and advisable. We have indeed touched the writer and his hero with great tenderness, for we are a little apprehensive of the power, subtlety, malignity, and ubiquity, herein blazoned; and greater critics than we are, have, on less cause, shewn the example of discretion being the better part of valour. For, let us ask, what was to be feared from Moore's pistol or Byron's more terrible satirical pen, in comparison with the peril of incurring the displeasure of the mighty personage referred to in our extracts? The answer will exonerate us from the suspicion of partiality or cowardice, and this waver, under circumstances so very peculiar, be conceded to us as not affecting our character for bold and independent criticism. In fine, we commend this strange production to those only who are fond of that sort of literature to which it emphatically belongs, as settled by the epigram:

If great books are, as said, great evils!
Then what are Pamphlets? *Little Devils!*

GRAVITY AND LEVITY. 8vo. pp. 115.

This is a collection of little pieces in prose and verse; some of which have merit, though not of a very high order. It is dedicated to the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, and one would suppose, from the licence in several passages, as well as from the common interlarding of oaths, that the writer did not deem much religious reverence due to a Royal Chaplain. This forgetfulness of what was respectful to the excellent person to whom the dedication is addressed, adds the minor blemish, of being out of character and place, to that which is at best but a poor substitute for humour, and of indecency for freedom of language.

In the body of the work we have some characteristic sketches of men and manners, and some in a dramatic form. There are also several jeux d'esprit in prose; the quality of which will appear from the following example.

EPITAPH ON AN IRON HEEL.

Released from the burthen of human frailty, which was borne without murmuring, lie the remains of POOR TIP, an offspring of *Vice*. At his birth he discovered such a *heat* of disposition, that, but for repeated blows from the author of his existence, he would not have been formed for

society. Driven to *extremes*, he was a *hanger-on*, and generally at the *bottom* of many a black thing going forward; yet, when held fast to his duty, no one was better fitted to strengthen the *understanding*; still was he too often only *trod* on in return, and was at length entirely forsaken by him, to whom he had always proved a steady adherent. Worn out in constitution, no longer on a *footing* with any one, good or bad, he felt a heart-broken victim to the pressure of his cares at an early age.

Of the verse, we can only afford two short examples, with which we leave *Gravity* to its own weight, and *Levity* to its own buoyancy.

THE OFFER.

"I love you more than life," cries Pat,
"E'en death can't wave my heart's command."
Says Nora, laughing, "Prove but that,
No longer I'll refuse my hand."

When Moore in am'rous strains first sighed,
And felt the fond poetic glow,
The enraptured world, enamoured cried,
"Man wants but *LITTLE* here below."

But, bursting from concealment's span,
He gave each heart Anacreon's store;
Tho' *LITTLE* was the wish of man,
He found that yet he wanted *MOORE*.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

We recently reviewed the earliest English publication on this subject: a French critic has taken a more humorously satirical view of it, in his apparently grave remarks on the

"*Bibliothèque du Magnétisme Animal.*
By the Members of the Society of Magnetism."

The professors of Animal Magnetism formerly suffered condemnation, and they now come forward to make a second appeal. But it is merely *artificial somnambulism* to which they now call our attention. What are we to think of the extraordinary effects which magnetizers attribute to this phenomenon? What wonderful things people may know in their sleep! The medical tribe may smile if they please; but in the name of Hippocrates we ask why? An answer must one day or other be given.

Magnetizers are now making the most of their time; they are forming associations, and they publish a journal, for which they have procured correspondents, and even subscribers. The magnetic fluid circulates with such rapidity, that the haughty disdain with which it has been regarded, must soon become a subject of ridicule. The existence of somnambulism is now indisputable. Should any one venture to disbelieve it, the lowest adept may convince him. Like the philosopher, who by walking proved the existence of motion, he will lead him to

faith by putting him asleep. And if sleep be really attended by such fatal consequences, is it not a duty incumbent on learned societies to awaken us? But they remain silent, and it has even been said, that they are themselves unable to resist the soporific influence of the mysterious agent whose existence they persist in denying. To have thrown their judges into a sound sleep must indeed be a noble triumph to the propagators of the fluid! We shall proceed to notice a few of the marvellous cures which are detailed in the *Bibliothèque du Magnétisme*.

It appears that a frightful and lasting disorder, the torment of the fair sex, a disorder from which medicine recoils with terror and impotency, in fine, a *wen*, since it must be called by its right name, a *wen* hardened by time, has yielded to the power of magnetism. The patient herself attests the fact, and her report is confirmed by M. de Lenze, whose veracity cannot be called in question, *quis dicere falsum audeat*.

The work moreover contains a curious account of the treatment of Mademoiselle Anastasie and Mademoiselle Rose, at Saint Quentin. The wonderful cure of Mademoiselle de - - - - is extracted from the journal of M. Masson d'Autume, an officer of artillery. This lady, it seems, had long been regarded as past all recovery. She lately resolved, though without any hope of success, to have recourse to magnetism. Her physician wished to be present at the experiment, doubtless for the sake of enjoying a laugh at the new treatment. The patient was accordingly put to sleep, and no sooner had she closed her eyes, than she clearly saw the seat of her malady, pointed out the proper remedies, mentioned the day on which the disorder would come to a crisis, and the period when her recovery would be complete; and every thing happened exactly as she foretold, to the no small astonishment, and we may add confusion, of the poor doctor, who plays a most ridiculous part throughout the whole story. His patient was cured without him; was cured in spite of him, or at least in defiance of his stupid prognostics. These magnetic cures will certainly bring our learned physicians into some degree of disrepute.

But animal magnetism is a subject no less interesting to philosophers than to physicians. The former have declared that the progress of the human understanding is not sufficiently rapid. Fortunately it cannot fail to advance with the help of magnetism, and it must be vastly consoling to the indolent, to know that its progress may be accelerated with very little trouble. We can improve in our sleep, and have only to close our eyes in order to see the more clearly.

We have been told that somnambulism produced by magnetism is the *emancipation of the soul*! M. de Puysegur observes "that it extends the intellectual faculties, and raises them to the highest degree of energy and perfection - - - it imparts indefinite sagacity to the mind." This is

likewise the opinion of M. Masson d'Autume, who states that the ideas of his patient, Mademoiselle —, were of so elevated a cast, that should he venture to make them known, they must appear in the highest degree ridiculous. The young lady herself was so fully sensible of her superiority when asleep, that on being awakened, she blushed to appear so different from what she really was. She doubtless exclaimed: "*C'est bien peu de chose qu'une femme éveillée!*"

Nature had, however, kindly endowed Mademoiselle — with a decent portion of understanding; but what must we think of those *born idiots*, who when M. de Puysegur thinks fit to put them to sleep, petrify with admiration those who before regarded them with insulting pity! And can it be possible that so extraordinary a phenomenon should still be looked upon with indifference! But all learned societies are not so disdainful as our own, and the members of the Academy of Berlin, by proposing animal magnetism as a subject for a prize, prove at least that they regard the affair as worthy of serious consideration. If all be true that has been asserted, and if there should really be no imposition in the business, it is more than probable that somnambulists will one day or other assist us in explaining many questions which we are now accustomed to answer without understanding them, and to divine a portion of that collection of riddles styled metaphysics.

The members of the Society of Animal Magnetism do not merely confine themselves to collecting facts which they think calculated to banish incredulity; their chief object in publishing their journal, is to establish a central point round which the faithful may rally, as the only means of preserving unity of doctrine and faith. Imagination plays so conspicuous a part in the whole affair, that if the greatest pains were not taken to obviate its illusions, the history of the variations of the magnetic church would soon swell to an immeasurable size. What the fathers of the church now teach us is hard enough to be believed, and is in truth sufficient to satisfy the most sturdy faith.

Finally, the journal of animal magnetism is intended to guide the inexperience of disciples whose magnetic education is not very far advanced. It is to be hoped that the lessons presented to them will not be thrown away. They must be careful not to imitate M. Gr—— of Besançon, who, after having magnetized a young lady, abandoned her without any concern for the event of his experiment. At length, being partially roused, she rose in a sort of half slumber, took a stroll through the fields, and finally lay down to sleep again at the foot of a tree: a situation, by the bye, somewhat perilous for a young lady. It is an established rule, that a magnetizer must never abandon his *subject*, nor commence a treatment without the certainty of being able to conclude it.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, May 9.—On Thursday, Mr. William Law Pope, B.A. was elected Fellow, and Mr. John Whittington Ready Landon, Scholar of Worcester College, on Dr. Clarke's foundation.

Wednesday the Rev. James Thomas Holloway, M.A. of Exeter College, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity, and on Thursday Doctor in Divinity.

The same day Mr. William Law Pope, Scholar of Worcester College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

THE LITERARY FUND.

ON Thursday the 7th, the friends of this Institution, to the number of above one hundred persons, observed their 28th annual festival, by dining together at Freemasons' Tavern. The Duke of Somerset, the President, was in the chair, and we are sorry to say that there were very few persons either of title or literary celebrity to be seen among his supporters. It does seem extraordinary that this association, which, not to depreciate any other in behalf of music, of the arts, of education, or of general philanthropy, unquestionably presents the *strongest* claim to royal, noble, and distinguished patronage, should be so poorly sanctioned by the personal attendance of the Mecenases of the present era; and that a catch club or a beef-steak meeting should be infinitely better, at least more numerously graced by princes, peers, men of high rank and influence. We know not to what to attribute this apparent and real disregard of so excellent a fund. Some shadow of the ludicrous has indeed been thrown over these dinners, by the recitation of verses which have provoked satirical, and as we think, in a great degree, unmerited ridicule. The interests of the concern does not seem to be vigorously pushed by those who take the lead in the management; and strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that the Institution which has in its own hands more ample means than all other benevolent Institutions put together, of making its pretensions known, is literally less known and heard of than any other. Yet neither of these causes are sufficient to account for the neglect which the Literary Fund experiences. Its merit, its most extreme utility, its most affecting charities, its most paramount humanity, are still well enough understood to entitle it to much more effectual countenance than it unhappily enjoys.

The meeting on Thursday went off very tamely. There was a good deal of speaking, but the main business of the day was not so prominent as it ought to have been. Neither in the addresses to the company, nor in the papers distributed, were the objects in view explained and enforced. The former, in fact, with the exception of some observations from Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, were little else than complimentary eulogies bandied about by and on private friends:

the latter were particularly unsatisfactory—the only statement produced being that the receipts since last Anniversary, including dividends, balance, &c. amounted to

£. 1157 3 8

Out of which had been paid by the "Committee, upon applications for relief, purchase of stock, and incidental expenses"

820 5 0

Balance 336 18 8

Now though the utmost delicacy and feeling is due towards the parties relieved out of this fund, surely such a lumping account as this is not calculated to gratify the Subscribers. Let A. B. C. authors, and D. E. F. widows and orphans, be expressed, but let us have some idea of the nature and quantum of assistance granted, and do not jumble the only information worth having in the Institution, with the indefinite purchase of stock and incidents, which, for aught here stated, might engross 800*l.* of the 820*l.* total, laid before the public.

We notice these things in honest love and admiration for this honourable and excellent Fund, which we are certain might be rendered much more prosperous and efficient. Having, as we hope, for its advantage, offered these remarks, we shall now briefly mention the leading occurrences to which we have not yet adverted.

The usual loyal toasts were drunk with acclamation, especially the health of the Prince Regent, whose half-yearly 200 guineas was announced as having raised His Royal Highness's subscription in all to 2600 guineas. "Prosperity to the Literary Fund" was followed by the original glee composed by the veteran Shield, who superintended its execution. A Mr. King (we believe, a new public singer, at least to us,) gave great pathos to the few lines of solo which this beautiful piece contains. Mr. Fitzgerald recited his usual address; and though this was his twenty-second composition on the same subject, we are inclined to reckon it among the most successful of his effusions. The following is a transcript of the principal passages, after opening with some lines on the restoration of peace, and the calamity of Claremont:

Then let the Bard another subject chuse,
More cheering, but not dearer to his Muse;
Let him, uncharged with vanity, impart
The honest pride that warms a patriot heart,
To see each nation's eager eyes appear,
In friendship, or in envy, center'd here:
Where great BRITANNIA, clad in Honour's robe,
Stands, laurel-crowned, THE UMPIRE OF THE
GLOBE!

In Europe's battle, foremost of the van;
In peace, the advocate of suffering man;
Content, with native majesty, she shines;
Her conquests, for the general good, resigns;
And for her triumphs on the land, or wave,
Only demands his freedom from THE SLAVE!

With her no Muse can ever plead in vain
For secret sorrow, poverty, and pain:—

But of all wants, with which mankind is curst,
Th' accomplish'd SCHOLAR'S are, by far, the
worst!

For generous pride compels him to control
And hide the worm, that gnaws his very soul:
Though Fortune, in her gifts to him, is blind,
Nature bestows nobility of mind,
That makes him rather endless ills endure,
Than seek from meanness a degraded cure!
Yet from his unrequited labours flow
Half we enjoy, and almost all we know;
All that ennoble an enlightened age,
And marks, at once, the Savage from the Sage.
The studious man directs more active souls
To steer th' adventurous vessel to the Poles;
To explore the regions of eternal frost,
Where, ages passed, a peopled land was lost;
By realms of Ice to Polar skies confined,
Four hundred Winters banished from mankind!

In War what science, or in Peace what art,
In which the Sons of Genius bear no part?
OwES to COMMERCE, with her "busy hum of men,"
And to the Sword less homage than the Pen;
That powerful engine of the mighty mind,
As used—the bane, or blessing of mankind!
Freedom's main spring! the Tyrant's deadly
hate!

Shield of the Poor! and bulwark of the State!
Ne'er may it be, in some malignant hour,
By factions tainted, or oppressed by power;
Nor, dipped in malice, aid the assassin's blow,
And prove to Liberty her bitterest foe:
'Twas Heaven's great gift! to meliorate and save,
Freedom's first cradle!—and perhaps her grave!

Yours be the task to foster, and protect
Genius in rags, and Learning from neglect;
Morals improved, will soon reward your care,
For LIBEL'S WANT engendered by despair!
And half the LICENCE which the Good deplore,
Distress relieved, would plague mankind no more!

Sir B. Hobhouse spoke at considerable length, and laid great stress upon the Literary Fund being on the point of obtaining a charter of incorporation. We congratulate the friends of the Charity on this event, which undoubtedly brings with it many advantages; but we can scarcely consider that so great a triumph for literature, which is readily obtained by every Insurance, Bridge, Water, or Gas Company, in England. Sir Benjamin, however, paid a handsome and proper tribute to the Attorney and Solicitor General, who had much facilitated this measure by their promptitude and favour.

Among the healths given was that of the Marquis of Hastings, whom Mr. Rowcroft panegyricized as a warm well-wisher, and one likely to promote the benefit of the Fund in the East.

A considerable subscription was collected, but far from what we could have wished and expected for the occasion. The illustrious Duke who presided, and the gentlemen who surrounded him, deserve the gratitude of all the lovers of literature; and we trust, that their example will be more followed hereafter, since, in doing honour to letters, the great and the wealthy adopt the surest course of being honoured themselves, not only in their lifetime, but long after their death. Among those present were Sir Wm. Clayton, Sir George Staunton, the two members for Norwich, several eminent learned men, and a majority of the most respectable of the London Booksellers and Publishers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

We select a brief but ample account of the Kaleidoscope, invented by the celebrated Dr. Brewster, of Edinburgh, who is well known to have been long engaged in investigating the physical properties of light. This instrument is constructed, according to the laws of reflected light, in such a manner as to amuse by an ever-varying succession of splendid tints and symmetrical forms, and enables the observer to copy such of them as may appear most appropriate for any of the numerous branches of the ornamental arts; and we shall no doubt soon have china, paper, carpets, floor-cloths, &c. decorated with patterns derived from it. Its construction is extremely simple, and depends for its effect upon two reflecting surfaces meeting each other at almost any angle, but more properly at one which makes a twelfth, tenth, eighth, or some other aliquot part of a circle.

The following directions will enable such of our readers as may choose to amuse themselves by making one, to do so without difficulty, although it must be understood, that no person has a right to make one for sale, without the authority of the patentee:—Procure a circular tin tube, 8 inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ wide; close it at the bottom with a circular piece of ground glass; half an inch above this let another circular piece of plain glass be firmly fixed, having first put into the space between them some fragments of differently coloured glass, beads, bugles, bits of lace, and indeed any small transparent objects. Now construct a hollow prism with two strips of glass $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $1\frac{1}{4}$ wide, making the third side of the prism with a strip of blackened pasteboard of the same length, and about $1\frac{1}{4}$ wide, which, when put between the strips of glass, will make the angle formed by the edges of them about 45 degrees. On the outside of this prism black paper must be pasted, which will serve to keep it together, and make the inner surfaces of the glass reflectors. If looking-glass could be procured to cut the strips from, it would be better, on account of its reflecting more light, and consequently affording a brighter image. The prism being formed, it is to be set upright in the tube upon the uppermost circular glass, and maintained in that position by paper stuffed between its sides and the side of the tube: lastly, put a top which has a small round hole in its centre, on the tube, and the instrument is complete. This hole may be stopped by a piece of plain glass, or by a lens, but the latter requires to have its focus adjusted to the reflecting surfaces, which will give much additional trouble without any material advantage.

By looking attentively through the prism, a circle of brilliant light will be seen, divided into as many sections as the number of times that the angle of the reflectors is contained in 360; thus, if it be 45 degrees, there will be eight compartments and eight

reflections of any object that may be presented at the angle; but as the alternate reflections coalesce, the image will have but four branches from the centre. If the angle at which the reflectors are set be 30 degrees, there will be twelve compartments in the luminous circle, with as many reflections, and six branches from the centre. But as some light is lost by every reflection, it is not desirable to multiply them beyond twelve, if so far, for then the last reflections become so faint as to render the image formed by them very indistinct. The degree of brightness of the images then determines the order in which they have been formed, and an attentive observer will readily recognise that order.—If, instead of allowing the reflectors to meet, they only incline towards each other, they give a curved image, and if they are kept parallel to each other, they shew one of a rectilinear form. If the object presented at the angle be put in motion, the combination of images will likewise be put in motion, and new forms, perfectly different, but equally symmetrical, will successively present themselves, sometimes vanishing in the centre, sometimes emerging from it, and sometimes playing around it in double and opposite oscillations. When the object is tinged with different colours, the most beautiful tints are developed in succession, and the whole figure delights the eye by the perfection of its forms and the brilliancy of its colouring.

By making the circular compartment of the tube which contains the objects forming the figures, to turn with the hand, instead of turning the whole tube, a greater degree of steadiness is obtained, and the motions of the person using the instrument are less inconvenient.

ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT AVIGNON.—Some ancient monuments, in a very great style, have been lately discovered at Avignon. In digging up the ground in the square on which the town-hall stands, they found magnificent columns, buried fifteen feet below the surface. Numbers of people are attracted by curiosity to view them, and the excavations are continued with great activity. This city preserved no remains of its ancient magnificence. Since what period have these been buried in the ground? Perhaps since the time that Domitius Enobarbus, in the year 619 of the Roman republic, destroyed the Vandalium, a fine city of the Gauls, from the ruins of which arose Avenio. The Celtic Academy will here find subjects for curious and learned dissertations.

MINERALOGY (NETHERLANDS.)—M. Drapier has discovered Amber in the village of Traviore, three leagues from Mons. It is found in a clayey soil, in pieces from the size of a grain of millet, to that of a hazel nut, at the depth of one, two, three, four, and five feet. The layer of clay lies in an immense bed of sand, in which there is not the smallest trace of amber, which proves that the formation of it is very re-

cent, and that it has been effected merely in the clay, probably by the decomposition of some vegetable substances strongly impregnated with resin. M. Drapier has not been able, notwithstanding all his researches, to discover any trace of the vegetable which may have contributed to the formation of the resin. The workmen, who make flooring tiles of this clay, had long observed the amber in it, and took the greatest care to separate it, because the amber, burning when they baked the tiles, left interstices, which caused them to be rejected by their employers. They had also observed that this amber, when burning, emitted a particular smell, like incense; and they sold it to the clerk of the parish, who used it, instead of incense, in the church. It is of a beautiful colour, and as transparent as can be wished. The yellow amber is generally found only on the shore of the sea, particularly of the Baltic, which renders M. Drapier's discovery the more interesting.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This glorious collection again invites our notice. It shews us what Art can do, has done; at Spring Gardens and Somerset House we see what Art is doing. It is not fair to entertain a comparison between the modern galleries, and this receptacle of the ancient master-pieces. The former are the mass of production, the wheat and the chaff mixed; the latter is the golden grain alone, winnowed by the wing of time.

Each has its separate merit, and, if rightly employed, its separate utility. It seems impossible to spend an hour in the British Gallery without imbibing not only a love of painting, but a taste and discrimination which is likely to lead to the encouragement of native genius, and to stimulate that genius to exertions which may one day place the British in an equally distinguished rank with the foremost of foreign schools.

Among these rare specimens of the pencil may be traced most of the great masters in their purest styles; from the minute and finished labours of the Dutch and Flemish, to the severity and grandeur of the Roman. Here are seen the domestic subjects of familiar life, and the elevated and abstract qualities of art, treated by those who have never been surpassed. In Teniers, Jan Steen, Gerard Douw, Ostade, we enjoy the fidelity of representation and exquisiteness of touch or colour; and in the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci, we learn to venerate the dignity of the pencil. Nor are we less animated by the fire and brilliancy of Rubens, than we are attracted by the voice of truth in the portraits of Vandyke, wherein we contemplate the features of the skilful, the learned, and the warlike. Thence we turn but to have our minds delighted by the sweetness of Claude, our eye arrested by the force

of Poussin, our souls refreshed by the stillness and repose of a Cuypp and a Both. The magic of light and shade exhibited by Rembrandt, lends a lustre to the cool and silvery tints of Guido; and the purer sentiments of the Italian school are no less contrasted by the same power and means. Need we dwell on the charming sensations which are inspired, glancing from Titian to Velasquez; from the gravity and tenderness of Murillo, to the light and fantastic scenes of the ever varied Watteau, or the enchanting and florid Paul Veronese; while the rustic views and happiest efforts of Hobbins, Ruysdael, and Vander-neer, fill up the measure of our admiration? But we have not yet enumerated all; nor shall we. As for the general effect, we give it, as realizing more than every thing in the words of the poet:

Sometimes the pencil in cool airy halls
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades embrown the walls;—
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er Ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

Sir John Leicester has made a great acquisition to his Gallery, in West's admirable original Sketch for Death on the Pale Horse. The spirit and fire of this noble composition are sufficient to stamp the character of the artist, had he never painted another picture. An Avalanche, by de Louthembourg, has also been promoted to a better light, and is now seen to great advantage: and Harlow's fascinating portraits of three young ladies, presents itself among the richest ornaments of these splendid rooms. On Monday we were pleased to witness the perfect success of this experiment in behalf of native talent; the mansion of the worthy Baronet was thronged to excess by a multitude of persons distinguished for talents and rank, the most exalted of our amateurs, and the most celebrated of our artists.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BURLESQUE.

By an admirer of men that are no egotists.
Vide Examiner, 30th last November.

The *Writer of this article*, no other,
Had, by some sort of accident, a mother;
She was a woman, and 'tis ten to one
The *Writer of this paper* was, her son.
Dear Hampsteadizing critic, Johnny Hunt,
Whose wits, as Shakespeare says, are not so blunt
But that he can with ease remember
(Because he can't forget it very well)
The circumstance which he's about to tell
Happen'd one day in August or November,
Or may be 'twas about this time of year,

At least, if he's not very wrong,
When days were either getting short, or long,
No matter which, but with his mother dear,
Hand link'd in hand, like bridegroom new with bride,

He walk'd Blackfriar's Road—the right-hand side,
But whether as you come from town, or go,
The *Writer of this article* don't know.
The *Writer's* mother's visage had an eye,
And it was wet where'er she didn't cry:
Better are tears suppress than shed, by half,
Because "the less we cry the more we laugh."
The *Writer's* mother held the writer's hand,
And squeeze'd it when she'd have him understand
Something she hadn't language to explain.

Then Johnny squeeze'd, then Mother squeeze'd,
and Johnny squeeze'd again.
While walking, squeezing, sentimentalizing,
They met (which in that road is not surprising)
A sturdy beggar of terrific mien,
Bepatch'd, where any patch of clothes was seen,
With grey, blue, yellow, scarlet, white and green,
And, where no patches were, the vagrant's hide
Exhibited all colours else beside.
Give me, quoth she. The *Writer's* mother cried
I've nought to give; have you no business, say?
What business is that of yours, Ma'am, pray?
Can you make nought?—No, madam, nor I sha'n't!
And can't you mend? No, cried the Mend I cant.

And now the eye
That didn't cry
Did wetter still appear.
And near a stable yard the *Writer* felt a squeeze
('Twas near the Cat and Fiddle)
Which seem'd to say, my Johnny, if you please
I want to go up here.
And so did I, I wanted to unriddle
What might be next the *Writer's* mother's plan
When she turn'd up the gateway like a man.

On her dear mem'ry still I doat
To think. Her flannel petticoat,
Somehow detaching from her taper middle,
She did contrive to drop,
Bidding the beggar stop,
And as she let the votive drap'ry fall,
Cried, while not crying, Take my little all.
Nor can the *Writer of this article*
Of what he felt express a particle,
While with sob, stifled, sticking in his throat,
He saw the stranger's hand,
At her command,

Take up the *Writer's* mother's petticoat.
Virtue (if virtue be not all a dream
More beautiful way to the virtuous seem
Than colours thro' a prism.)

Sometimes forgets to give her friends a lift,
And thus she sent the *Writer's* dame adrift,
Whose flannel dicky gone, she made a shift
To catch the rheumatism.

Therefore I would't here advise
Ladies with wet unweeping eyes
To strip themselves behind a stable door,
And give their clothes
To no one knows
Who folks may be they never saw before.

SQUIB.

The following Impromptu to a Lady who expressed some displeasure at his kissing her hands, was made by Dr. Wolcot, alias Peter Pindar, 29th July 1804, and never before published.

TO PHILLIS.

Thy rosy fingers I have prest,
And really my both lips were blest:
Oh! canst thou, lovely girl, complain?
Yet if my kiss, as light as air,
Be deem'd so weighty an affair,
I'll take it off thy hands again.

THE NEW MANIA.

Of late when the Greenland-bound ships had set sail,
And the shot at Lord Wellington happened to fail,

A strange dearth of topics began to prevail.
No subject was offered to interest fashion,
No touching new mania, or whimsical passion;
The P——e had exhausted his patterns of dress,
And Lord Byron's fourth Canto was still in the press.

While the world looked and languished in silent attention,

Some clever soul hit on a famous invention—
'Tis a tube made of brass, pewter, copper or tin,
With a hole at one end of it, where you look in,
And see—gracious heavens—you see such a sight,
Should I try to describe it 'twould take me all night;

The exquisite figures and colours you can see
No painter can copy, no poet can fancy,
You see—what must all you've before seen surpass,

You see—some small old broken pieces of glass.
Need I tell you indeed that with such preparation,
So lovely a bauble has caused a sensation—
I doubt whether Bilboquet, monarch of toys,
Or the Devil himself, ever made such a noise;
'Tis the favourite plaything of school-boy and sage,

Of the baby in arms and the baby of age,
Of the grandam whose sight is at best problematical,
And the soph who explains it by rule mathematical,
Of the saint who in vain tries to laugh at and mock it,

Yet, ten to one, carries a brace in his pocket.
All are bit in their turn, from the belles who have borne it

I'm told to the Op'ra instead of a Jorgnette,
To the cripple who makes them 'so pretty and cheap,'
And hawks them about at 'a penny a peep.'

Such indeed is the rage for them, chapel or church in,
You see them about you, and each little urchin
Finding a shpence, with transport beside his hope,
Runs to the tinman, and makes a 'Kaleidoscope.'

SONNET.

"Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi,
Vo misurando i passi tardi e lenti."

These days of mis'ry, loved One, for thy sake,
My feeble frame were well content to bear—
But when I think that thou too dost partake
Of sorrow's bitter pang, and hast of grief thy share,

O then my fainting heart no refuge finds,
And darkest thoughts fill my lone soul with wo—

At night, when all is hush'd, save the rude winds,
I pass like spectre forth, unweaving where I go.
How changed the scene, alas! when Hope's gay dream

Bade me to think that every joy was near;
Now I, awaking, like a lost one seem,
And find on either side th' prospect sad and drear.

Thus mournfully away each day doth glide,
Consumed with aching cares, and grief's o'er-whelming tide.

SIR,

The following Lines were left on the breakfast-table by a young Officer on the morning of his departure for the Continent, from which, alas! he was fated never to return, for he fell in the pursuit on the glorious 18th of June 1816.

By inserting them in your valuable paper (if worthy of insertion) you will oblige,

Your constant reader,

MARY.

When thou shalt hear the trumpets bray;
When thou shalt hear the war-horse neigh;
Then think of him that's far away—

Mary!

When thou a pray'r hast for him said,
Each night retiring to thy bed,
Thou'lt think "where now rests Philip's head?"

Mary!

When joyful news of victories won
To thy delighted ears shall come,
Think then,—think what may be his doom—

Mary!

Perhaps received a mortal wound,
Thinking of thee, "he bites the ground,"
Whilst dying comrades fall around—

Mary!

Methinks I see thy colour fail—
Methinks I hear thy piteous wail—
When thou shalt hear his fatal tale,

Mary!

"To set a valiant nation free
From an Usurper's tyranny,
He died"—will be the words of thee,

Mary!

10 March, 1818.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

The following has, with other extracts, been recommended to our notice by a Correspondent, as part of an unpublished poem entitled "Cawood Castle," by J. Percy, who is described as a native of Cawood town, and moving in "a humble sphere of life."—"It appears (says the writer) somewhat a matter of surprise that the structure just named, which this poem attempts to celebrate, should be now so little known, or if known, so little noticed by the antiquary: a spot so venerable for its antiquity, and so important in our history, as having been for many centuries the seat of the archiepiscopal see of York; for of all the topographical works relative to the county, there is none I know of, saving *Drake's Eboricum*, which descants on this place, once so memorable for the dignitaries, including Wolsey after his fall, who were its inmates."

So when of old, with high imperious pride,
Great Babylon the comb'd world defied,
Tow'ring she soar'd, like one of heav'nly birth,
Lifting her crest above the thrones of earth;
The subject world her dread commands obey'd,
And trembling monarchs silent homage paid;
Where art thou now, O city rich and fair!
Thine ancient splendor, and thy greatness where?
Thy mighty Monarchs, with their pow'r so great,
And all the pomp of Oriental state?

Thy walls, thy gates of brass, those proudest
boasts,
Which bade defiance to the shock of hosts?

Thy "cloud-capt tow'rs," rear'd in cerulean sky,
Whose dusky outlines faintly met the eye?
Thy "gorgeous palaces," with glittering dome?
Thy "solemn temples," wrapt in sacred gloom?
Those gardens fair, uplifted to the skies,
Arches o'er arches of colossal size?
All, all are fled! thy far-fam'd glories seem
Like the gay pageants of a fairy dream.
Fair Shinar's plains, where once thy turrets stood
O'er which Euphrates roll'd his silver flood,
Not e'en a vestige of thy pride retain;
There desolation and wild horror reign:
These plains, once fertile as the promis'd land,
Are now a desert waste of burning sand;
This frightful wild no human footsteps press,
Their site displays a howling wilderness.
Here serpents hiss, here crawls the loathsome
toad,

Here scorpions fell have fix'd their dire abode,
Foul pois'nous vapours freely hence exhale,
And load with pestilence the passing gale;
Here beasts of prey for blood and carnage prowl,
Shaking the desert with their hideous howl.
Heaven's awful curse on thee was justly hurl'd,
To strike with awe a sinful guilty world.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

When life's illusive pleasures fade,
And peace the bosom has forsaken,
How welcome then is *Friendship's* aid!
How bright the visions *Hope* can waken!
And when at eve the Western Main
Upon her breast the sun-beam pillows,
How sweetly *Music's* gentle strain
Can calm affliction's angry billows!—

And will not *Love's* enchanting smile
Shed o'er the soul bright rays of gladness?
Alas! his light oft beams awhile,
And proves the harbinger of sadness:—
Let Friendship, then, console thy breast!
Let Hope inspire, and Music cheer thee;
But if thy heart would be at rest,
Oh let not Love come ever near thee!—

March 1818.

W. H. P.

TO HOPE.

O Thou, from whom all claim support,
Whatever ill assails;
Whose aid successfully we court,
In Fortune's adverse gales.

Through Thee the mind's elastic spring
Regains its wonted force;
The soul's vibrations Thou dost bring
Into their former course.

When mortal spirits faint and sink,
And comforts hourly flee;
When full in view seems ruin's brink,
We succour find in Thee.

Our friends fall sick, they languish, die—
Our wealth, our health, departs;
Then, potent soother, Thou art nigh
Our agonizing hearts.

In Thee, new wealth, new health, we see;
New friends Thou dost create;
New vigour each derives from Thee,
To better his estate.

Thou mak'st departed friends arise
To never fading joy:
E'er taste, in realms above the skies,
Friendship without alloy.

Each sinful man is cheered by Thee,
And taught to turn to God:
Repent, Thou sayst; Believe, obey,
And HE withdraws his rod.

The life to come thou so dost paint,
All ills seem light in this:
Thou givest to each dying Saint
A rich foretaste of bliss.

To infidels, apostates base,
We leave the fiend Despair:
In Christian minds she knows no place,
For Thou art ever there.

April 28, 1818.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

RUSSIAN EMBASSY TO PERSIA IN 1817.

*Extract from the inedited Journal of
Captain Moritz von Kotzebue.*

(See Literary Gazette, No. 59.)

On the third day after our arrival at Erivan, the weather was fine; at ten o'clock in the morning the Sardar (or governor) paid a visit to the Ambassador. He threw himself rather awkwardly on a chair, smoked a great deal, spoke little, and scarcely nodded his head when we were presented to him; but enjoyed the liqueur in spite of the prohibition of Mahomet. The climax is, that he makes no secret of it, but declares openly that he could not live without spirituous liquors. After a good half hour he took his leave, and invited us all to dinner. At twelve o'clock we proceeded with much pomp to the fortress, which is only inhabited by the Sardar. In Chardin's time it is said that a great many people lived there, but the Sardar has driven them all out, and dwells now in the midst of barracks.

We formed a handsome procession; a detachment of cossacks went first; then came our military band; then the Ambassador and his suite, with another detachment of cossacks to close the procession. The people had never before seen any thing like it, and pressed on us dreadfully from all sides; the police officers threw great stones, beat back the crowd with clubs, and particularly one of them, who would absolutely march before the Ambassador, after the music, and who was provided with a club of metal, with which he laid about him most unmercifully on the heads of the people. I believe they would have killed many, had not the Ambassador out of compassion begged them to desist.

When we came to the gate of the fortress, the people were obliged to leave us. We rode through narrow streets, and alighted from our horses at the entrance of the house of the Sardar. After we had passed many courts, which were all surrounded with armed men, we entered one, in the middle of which there was a large marble basin, and several fountains: the Sardar came to the door to meet us, and led us into a large saloon, the open side of which was towards the court, in which the most

distinguished persons of Erivan stood assembled, and nobody was permitted to enter, except the brother of the Sardar, and our Memandar.* It was no small attention in the Sardar, that he had had chairs made on our account, as it was impossible for us to sit after their fashion; he himself sat also on a chair. The walls of this saloon were adorned with small looking-glasses of different forms, and the intervals filled up with coloured flowers, and other paintings. Opposite the entrance is the portrait of the Schach; next him that of his son, Abbas Mirza; and a hunting party, which is painted so entirely without perspective, that one figure runs over the other, and at the end all swim in the air. On the walls there are also some female portraits, which look as if their necks had been twisted. The paintings are all without shadow, but the colours are extremely brilliant and durable. Opposite to the open side of the saloon, the building forms a great niche, in which there is a beautiful basin of white marble, with some fountains. This side can also be opened, and affords the most beautiful prospect into a newly laid out garden; the river Sanga flows close under the window; the banks are adorned with fine trees, a beautiful stone bridge of several arches is thrown across it, and the horizon is bounded by Mount Ararat. Certainly no house can be better contrived for a summer residence: there is constantly the fresh water from the fountains, a gentle current of air, and even the sight of the eternal snow upon Mount Ararat must produce a degree of coolness. Notwithstanding this, it is said to be so hot in Erivan in the summer time, that not only all the inhabitants are obliged to leave the city, and take refuge in the mountains, but the Sardar himself is forced to go into camp.

After we had all taken our seats, kallion† was presented, and then a small table placed before each of us, with sherbet and confectionary. The latter is made with sheep's fat, so that it may be imagined with what appetite we ate of it, particularly before dinner. Nobody could get down a morsel, and this prelude to dinner was taken away. Hereupon a number of servants appeared with tablecloths of white India cloth, here and there ornamented with flowers: in the corners were some suitable sentences in the Persian language, printed in black letters; as, for example, "All the fruits and provisions here presented to you are good, and given with good will," &c. &c. But so much was given with a good will, that a thousand people might have dined upon it. I will only mention what stood on the table before me and Dr. Müller alone, and this will give an idea of the rest: a great pancake, which not only covered the whole table, but hung over half an ell all round; the Persians call it *tshuruck*, and make use of it both as bread and as a napkin; half a sheep, a leg of beef, two dishes of different kinds of roast meat, five dishes of various

ragouts with saffron, two dishes full of boiled rice, two ditto with boiled fowls, two ditto of roasted fowls, two dishes of roasted geese, two dishes of fish, two dishes of sour milk, a great dish with sherbet, and four pitchers of wine; and for all these no knife, no fork, and no spoon.

All these were piled upon one another with the greatest rapidity, so that I and Müller suddenly sat behind a wall of meat, which deprived us of the prospect to the court, and could not see our opposite comrades, except through little embrasures in these ramparts of cookery. I attempted to see through a little opening in my wall of dishes, what the Sardar did. The left hand resting upon a dagger, because the Persians never use the left hand in eating, he slowly put his right in the dishes full of fat rice, kneaded with three fingers a good portion together, and put this with much dexterity into his mouth, so that the beard and whiskers seldom shewed any traces of it. After he had repeated this several times, he tore a piece off from the gigantic pancake, wiped his fingers in it, and swallowed this also happily down. He then put his finger according to his fancy in different dishes which pleased his taste, and performed every time the same manœuvre; he at last took the sherbet, drank part of it, and looked pleased on his amazed guests. As scarcely any body had touched any thing of his dinner, for many things could not be pulled out of the middle, for fear of upsetting the whole pile, signal was made to bear off, and the servants as well as the gentlemen, standing out and envying us, took us to be very genteel, because it is the fashion in Persia at great dinners, that the less you eat, the more fashionable you are. At the clearing off there arose some confusion, because the dish of ragout would absolutely not part from the dish of sour cream on which it had rested so conveniently; the butter had formed a connection with the pancake, and the fish would not by any means part from the roasted fowls. Unmerciful hands at last effected a separation, and now those without fell over the remains. It is the custom in Persia, that what remains belongs to the servants, or whosoever happens to be in the way, and sometimes to the waiting populace. For this reason three times as much is boiled and roasted in a fashionable house, as all together could eat, and the rest given to hungry amateurs.

After our redoubts were all happily destroyed, we could take a mouthful of fresh air, and the servants presented water to wash the hands, but without towels; the Persians dry their hands in the air; we were obliged to dry them on our pocket-handkerchiefs. Scarcely was this work finished, when, to our terror, another army of dishes was brought in; but this time we escaped better, because they contained fruits and confectionary, and happily only one dish stood before every one, or else we should have seen nothing of the dancers who just entered, and placed themselves at the door. The music was composed of a

guitar, a kind of violin with three strings, and two drums, and also a singer, who with dreadful grimaces and real convulsions screamed with all his might, but happily, according to their custom, often covered his face with a piece of paper, not to shew to the public his wide opened jaws. The music kept time indeed, but altogether sounded like the mewling of cats.

Three pretty boys in long dresses, to which silk ribbons of different colours were fastened, were so inspired by this squeaking music, together with the screaming of the singer, that they at first danced, and at last performed summersaults. They had in their hands little metal castanets, with which they beat time to the movements of the dance. I believe that two of them represented women, as their movements were slower and more decent; but the one in the middle threw himself about as if he were mad, and turned himself alternately to the one and then to the other. The drollest was, when the music suddenly became very loud, the singers began to scream without mercy, the three dancers tumbled along the whole saloon, performing their summersaults, and at last stood still on both sides in a graceful attitude, while the middle one, standing upon his head, presented a couple of naked feet, which had before been hid by the long pantaloons. One thing these dancers performed with great dexterity, they were able to throw themselves heels over head several times in the air, without touching the ground with their hands or their head.

With full ears and empty stomachs, we at last broke up; the Ambassador took leave of his liberal host, and we returned home in the same parade to—get our dinner.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.—Nothing of novelty or critical interest has been performed at either theatre since our last. Mr. Elliston has played Vapid in the Dramatist with considerable effect.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The Philharmonic Society held its fifth meeting on Monday the 27th ult., and we recur to its performances with greater pleasure, because it is distinguished not only by the provincial talent of the musicians who are there associated, but on account of the principles which guide the Institution. If the Concert of Ancient Music be a conservatorio of ancient style, the Philharmonic is no less entitled to the distinctions which are due to an establishment for the introduction of the finest works of the modern composers, and for the encouragement of living talent. It moreover exhibits in the finest light the professional abilities of those individuals, who are sufficiently exalted, and sufficiently endued

* The person whose charge it was to provide for the embassy.

† The tobacco-pipe, to smoke through water.

with a just confidence in their own attainments, to hazard a competition with great masters in their peculiar style and art. In this respect the Society counter-works the cabals which are but too naturally incident to the struggles of personal merit. Performers are heard at the Philharmonic under all the advantages of the best support, and under all the disadvantages of being brought against the highest of their own class. The real rank of the party in science is therefore to be ascertained with the nicest precision.

The Concert opened with the symphony of Beethoven, in D, so remarkable for its beautiful simplicity, and consequently so much better adapted to convey general pleasure. To this succeeded a song from the Opera of *Agnes* (taken from Mrs. Opie's novel of the Father and Daughter) by Paer, and which has been omitted in the representation of the Opera in this country; Mr. Autbrogetti, who performs the part, not possessing sufficient compass of voice for it. It is difficult, even in private, to go through this song, so affecting is the situation it describes, and so touching and natural are the exclamations of the parent! The recitative describes the father of Agnes as just recovered from the derangement occasioned by the loss of his daughter, whose return and affection have wrought his gradual restoration. Anxious apprehension, lest his happiness should be unreal, the presence of his daughter illusion,—and his prayer, that if imaginary, it may be eternal, are expressed with such simplicity and truth, both in the musical and poetical phrases, that nothing can be more poignant than the sensations it awakens. It is a song of great compass, variety, and indeed the finest Italian bass song, for a really fine singer, that we know. Mr. Lacy acquitted himself to the admiration of the professors assembled; and the audience also manifested their satisfaction by acclamations of delight. A trio of Mozart, for violin, viola, and violoncello, was finely executed by Weichsell, Mori, and Lindley. The only defect was its extreme length; it would certainly be improved by the omission of one of its movements. The *Benedictus* of the same author was then sung by Mrs. Lacy, Messrs. Terrail, Elliott, and Lacy, and we never remember to have heard it so well done. In general, it has been a complaint against the band of the Philharmonic, that they are not sufficiently attentive to accompaniment; but the execution of this night removed the stigma completely, for nothing could be more expressively regulated.

An overture, new to this country, called *Des Abeneerges*, of Cherubini, concluded the act. Some parts of it are clever and original, but it is not to be ranked with the finest compositions from the same hand.

The second act commenced with No. 10 of Haydn, and every movement of the symphony was perfect. Miss Stephens sang a delightful air of Mayer very sweetly. Nature has been most bountiful to this young lady, and she is pursuing a course

of industrious application to the several branches of her profession, which must lead her to great eminence. Her Italian style is not only improved, but improving. If we estimate her judgment rightly, she is not to be satisfied but by constant progression.

A quartette of Haydn, by Loder, Watts, Chaloner, and Lindley, was as finished in its execution as in its design. Mr. Loder has last year led at the Philharmonic, but he resides at Bath, where he is in great esteem. Whether as a player of quartettes, or as a leader, he is not surpassed by any performer in this country; he is elegant, spirited, and easy, and was heard with delight. The well known overture to *La Clemenza di Tito*, concluded this exquisite performance; Mori led, and Bishop conducted. Mori is rising in the public estimation as a leader; as a concerto player he has long been distinguished as the heir of much of the tone and fire of his master Viotti.

COBURG THEATRE.—On Monday, a new minor theatre, under this now melancholy name for a resort of pleasure, was opened on the opposite side of Waterloo Bridge, from the Strand. It is a project of a Mr. Glossop, and intended for the representation of melo-dramas and pantomimes. It began inauspiciously, for, owing to some private quarrel between the proprietor and the clown, a scene of riot was produced, and instead of a representation of a piece called *Trial by Battle*, a real battle had nearly ensued. After an hour or two spent in wrangling and appeals, however, the performances, such as they were, proceeded. The company was of rather a low description, and there was nothing in the outset to induce us to augur very favourably of this novel scheme.

IRISH DRAMA.

Lady Clarke, the sister of Lady Morgan, whose book, entitled *France*, has been the subject of so much criticism, has just produced a Comedy, called *The Irishwoman, or a Match for a Lawyer*, which has met with a highly favourable reception. "A regard for truth," says the Dublin editor, "obliges us sometimes to record applauses in which we could not join, but in the present instance we are glad to say that the approbation of a very brilliant audience was as well deserved as it was liberally bestowed. The dialogue is lively and humorous, and the characters are striking, marked, and original. Mrs. O'Gallagher and her servant *Muc Whack* are perfectly natural. The mixture of simplicity and sagacity in the latter especially is extremely happy, and will at once be recognised as a faithful portrait of the lower class in Ireland. The part of Lord Ancestor, an old Peer, whose family came in with the Conqueror—in which no person laughed since the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and who himself retains all the antipathy of the *Ancestors* to

"undignified smiles" is a felicitous outline remarkably well filled up."

The play has already been acted for several nights in succession: the Prologue and Epilogue are written by Sir C. Morgan; the latter has so many allusions to the Comedy as to be unintelligible, without knowing more of its characters than we do, but the Dublin Journals say it produced great effect. We subjoin the former:—

Prologues to Plays are like those civil speeches In which a candidate for votes beseeches; Mere customary words—they're said with ease, And those who listen, credit—what they please. "On stage or hustings, when they take their station,

Both Speakers seek to gain—representation; Both deem the *house's* ear their highest prize; Both have an eye to raising the supplies.

The seven years' Courtier now a Patriot turns, With zeal for freedom and the people burns; Lauds high their virtues—talks of Ireland's glory— Appeals to Waterloo's advent'rous story; And owns the Minister is far from right

To block up hearths, and shut out window light. This truth alone, most surely he'll not tell ye; As certain as he bought, he means to sell ye. There ends our simile—there begin our fears— These our harangues fall not on hireling ears. You are not paid to listen, and may choose Us, and our candidate at once refuse; No forty shilling freeholders—to vote For Landlord's favour—and a five pound note."

To-night it is my anxious trembling task, Your votes and interest for our Play to ask; To canvass Box, Pit, Gallery's cheerful noises, And gather for our scribe your "most sweet voices."

Know then, ye men, (with you I first begin) A woman sues your suffrages to win— A woman's call, what Irishman refuses? One real woman's worth the whole nine Muses. By all your hopes to gain the blushing fair— By the loved object of your pride and care— By every feverish wish and doubting sigh— By all the magic of the tear-pearl'd eye— Think 'tis a woman's fears require your cheering, And grant—'tis all she asks—a patient hearing. Ye women, in whose swelling bosoms burns The patriot flame, to you our Author turns; Erin, for arms, for arts, has long laid claim, And justly boasts of many a storied name; But still her sons, compell'd abroad to roam, Have seldom worn their triumphs here at home; On foreign fields too oft, by victory led, Her gallant chiefs unhappily have bled. In other lands her wits have pour'd the song, And plaudits gather'd from a foreign throng. To-night our bard to Irish ears appeals, Nor to a distant jurisdiction kneels; Herself—her story—Irish bred and born— Oh let not homebred efforts meet your scorn; 'Tis a first trial—to her faults be tender— Nor judge her harshly, like an old offender. Be kind, ye fair ones, if not for the lady, And for her play, at least you'll vote for Paddy; Put foreign tastes and foreign follies down, And ne'er on native struggles curlish frown, But clap an Irish play—and wear an Irish gown.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

A span will cover all the ostensible politics of Europe since our last, and of America into the bargain. The English Parliament and the French Chambers are getting rapidly to the close

of their labours, and present us little beyond mere routine business to record. The former have been discussing means for purifying the education and bettering the condition of the poor; the latter, in canvassing the budget, and agreeing to a loan of 16 million of francs for the service of the state.

The trials at Albi have at length terminated:—Bastide, Jaussion, the woman Bancal, Bax, and Collard, are condemned to death; Anne Benoit to branding and imprisonment for life; Missonier to a year's imprisonment and a small fine: Madame Manson was acquitted and set at liberty.

Petion, one of the St. Domingo rulers, is dead. General Boyer, a Mulatto, has been nominated his successor, but it is likely that some struggles will arise out of this event.

The accounts from the Spanish Main assert, that the Patriots and that the Royalists have severally been annihilated. This is about the fiftieth time for each, according to their friends and partisans, of letter-writers and newspaper editors. Every man seems to have a hundred lives!

The Duke of Cambridge and his Bride are on their way to England. The royal yacht has gone to Calais, to bring them over. The marriage of the Duke of Kent with Prince Leopold's sister is settled.

VARIETIES.

A very severe contest is now carrying on at Oxford, for the office of Keeper of the Archives of that University. The candidates are, Mr. Professor Cooke, of Corpus College; Mr. Heyes, Fellow of Exeter College, and one of the Whitehall Preachers; and Mr. Bliss, Fellow of St. John's College, well known in the literary world as the editor of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. The day of election is fixed for Thursday the 21st instant, at twelve o'clock.

A letter from Thurso, dated April 29, states that an Iceberg, or island of ice, has actually been stranded upon the island of Fowla, the most western of the Shetland Islands. This Iceberg is said to extend full six miles in length, and of course is an object of terror to the natives. Fowla, or Fula, in lat. 60. 6. N. long. 2. 17. W. of Edinburgh, is supposed to be the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients. It is about three miles in length, and one and a half in breadth, situated nearly 20 miles distant from any land, to the westward of the clusters of Orkney and of Shetland, to which last it is politically annexed. It affords excellent pasture for sheep, and is inhabited by 26 or 27 families.

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—*Extract of a Letter from an Officer on board H. M. Ship Isabella, Lerwick, May 1, 1818:*—

"Arrived yesterday.—Wind SW.—I have the pleasure to acquaint you we had an excellent passage from Cromer, where my last was dated from, to Lerwick, and find our chronometers going to admiration:—the wind being against us, we have set up the clock, and if it continues, we shall have some observations on the pendulum to-morrow. The dipping needles are also on shore; but we have got our fiddler, and another live bullock; and, if the wind will let us out, we shall be off merrily. We have been lucky enough to catch the *Ister* before she set off for Spithead. Forrest filled us with bread and water, and we had no occasion to let a man go on shore. I do not think they would have run, but it is as well not to trust them. The *Dorothea* has not arrived yet.

"P.S. The *Dorothea* is just coming in, and the wind is shifting to the Eastward. We sail at day-light."

MR. EDITOR.—In No. 63, page 217, of the *Literary Gazette*, Mr. Allan the artist is designated as a Scotchman. Permit me to say, that when I resided in Scotland many years ago, a nephew of the late Mr. D. Allan informed me that his uncle was born in Ireland, though most of his subjects were drawn from Scotland, and hence his designation of "the Scotch Hogarth." I believe that Mr. D. Allan resided many years in Scotland.

An IRISHMAN of Scotch descent.

NEW PLOUGH.—A farmer at Ringway, in Lancashire, has completed a running plough, on which are a pair of rollers. At one operation it ploughs two furrows, laying one to the right and the other to the left, and rolls two half-butts, leaving the surface smooth even for the scythe.

Such of the paragraphs, of which the two following are specimens, as may be known in more recent dress, still appear to be not incurious in their ancient garb:—

Of the Pourer Man, into whose house Theues brake by nyghte.—There was a poore man on a tyme, the which vnto theues, that brake into his house on nyght, he sayde on this wyse. Syrs I marvayle, that ye thynke to fynde any thyng here by nyght, for I ensure you I can fynd nothing when it is brode day.

By this tale appereth playnly,
That pouerte is a welthy mysery.

From "*Tales and Quicke Answeres.*"

Of Scipio Nasica and Ennius the Poete.—Whan Scipio Nasica came on a tyme to speake with Ennius the Poete, he asked his mayde at the dore, if he were within, and she sayde he was not at home. But Nasica perceyued, that her mayster badde her say so, and that he was within: but for that tyme dissemblinge the matter, he wente his waye. Within a fewe dayes after Ennius came to Nasica, and knockynge at the dore, asked if he were within. Nasica hym selfe spake oute aloud, and sayd, he was not

at home. Than, sayde Ennius, What mann^e thynke you that I knowe not your voyce? Whereunto Nasica aunsweredde and sayde, What a dishoneste man be you; whan I soughte you, I beleued your mayde, that sayde ye were not at home, and ye wyll not beleue me myn owne selfe.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY.

Thursday, 7.—Thermometer from 44 to 60.

Barometer from 29, 52 to 29, 63.

Wind S. and SbE. 1.—Morning cloudy, with smart showers about 11; in the afternoon and evening the clouds broke much.

Rain fallen, 175 of an inch.

Friday, 8.—Thermometer from 41 to 61.

Barometer from 29, 73 to 29, 77.

Wind SE. 4.—Morning cloudy; sun, at times, breaking out in the afternoon till about four, when it began to misle; and about seven began to rain heavily, and so continued during the greater part of the night.

Rain fallen, 75 of an inch.

Saturday, 9.—Thermometer from 44 to 57.

Barometer from 29, 75 to 29, 86.

Wind S. 1.—Morning clear, with heavy rain in the SW.; afternoon clearer, and evening quite clear. A very great flood from last night's rain.

Rain fallen, 1,125 inch.

Sunday, 10.—Thermometer from 43 to 59.

Barometer from 30, 03 to 30, 06.

Wind SW. and S. 4.—Noon cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Monday, 11.—Thermometer from 38 to 63.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 29, 85.

Wind S. and SbE. 1.—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 12.—Thermometer from 44 to 64.

Barometer from 29, 83 to 29, 84.

Wind W. and SW. 4.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, 25 of an inch.

Wednesday, 13.—Thermometer from 40 to 59.

Barometer from 29, 68 to 29, 60.

Wind SE. and SbW. 1.—Morning rainy, afternoon and evening clear.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.Y. may depend upon his work being impartially noticed, if sent for review to the *Literary Gazette*. From the number of important and interesting publications which the press has issued within the last few months, even the exertions we make to convey an immediate epitome not only of the most attractive, but of the most curious and costly, leave us a good way in arrear. But we are guilty of no wilful omission, and though obliged to postpone some of our notices, we hold the first attempt of humble talent to be as fully entitled to such publicity as our now very widely circulated Journal can bestow, as if it were the most finished ornament of literature, to whose general cause our pages are devoted.

An authentic Biography of the late John Gifford, Esq. in our next.

The Editor cannot notice many communications which he received so late as Thursday.

BENSLEY and SONS, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.